

Good Morning 320

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Look who's coming down the street, P.O. Douglas Fairthorne



WHEN we called on Wren Mrs. Joyce Fairthorne, wife of P.O. Douglas Fairthorne, at her grandparents' home at 25 Third Avenue, Camel's Head, Plymouth, an appetising smell of a roast dinner cooking pervaded the atmosphere.

In answer to our knock on the door came a tiny Wren, rosy cheeked, fair haired, who looked as if it might have been the postman she had been expecting. That tempting smell of roast beef was distracting as the interview commenced.

"I've just been eating one of grannie's cookies," confessed your wife, Doug. "I've just come off watch, and I'm hungry, although grannie warned me against spoiling my appetite with her buns, there's no chance of that," she added—with the aroma from the oven still enchanting us, we could see her point of view.

The whole of the earlier part of our conversation seemed to be about eating, for as Mrs. Fairthorne extolled her grandmother's cooking she said, "Here's something that'll interest Doug. I had a letter this morning from his mother in Christchurch, New Zealand; she's sent the belated wedding cake to Doug's last ship. Now I'm trying to get it sent back to me, so I can either send it direct to him or take it to him myself."

By all accounts, that's going to be some wedding cake; Joyce reckons it'll be iced and fruity. Her general idea is to travel with it and meet you, then there is going to be a beakfast in which the two of

you demolish most of it in relays, leaving enough over to be sent to the guests who attended your wedding last July.

The topic of the wedding cake reminded her of another item to interest you, Doug. Your mutual friend Pauline has fixed her wedding day at St. Catherine's Church, Plymouth; the "lucky man" is none other than your old foursome pal Frank, of the R.A.A.F., and they're certainly hoping you can attend with your wife.

As the interview closed, Joyce put on her hat to walk to the shops for groceries before lunch was served, but she paused for a moment to have her picture taken in front of the house; then she went striding off.

"Don't forget to send him my love, and grannie's and granddad's," she called as she went. Good Hunting, Doug!

A REFEREE'S LIFE IS GRAND

Raymond Foxall to-day asks famous International Referee, Tom Bentley, "How can a Submariner get into the Profession?"

THE man with the bowler hat and the cigar, hidden in the cheering crowd as he watches the young soccer player, is not the only kind of football scout.

For there's the man with the trilby, too, whose eyes are on the young referee instead.

You see, right now there's a great scarcity of "refs." And when peace comes they'll be like oases in the desert. There won't be enough "refs." to go round.

So here's the chance for you guys to start swotting up the rules now, for who is better fitted for refereeing soccer matches than the men whom the Submarine Service has made tough already

My prophecy of a serious shortage of "refs." after the war is based on a number of talks I've been having with Tom Bentley, the famous international referee.

ANY old Tom, Dick and Harry knows why there's a shortage of referees in wartime. Like footballers themselves, they're "in the Army (Navy or Air Force) now."

But after the war, says Tom Bentley, there's every indication we'll be having Sunday football.

Yes, in the days of peace, hints Tom darkly, they'll be looking around for good refs.

Although the Football League and the Football Association have turned the idea of Sunday play down, it seems likely we'll have it, all the same.

For there's an awful lot of deep thinking going on about it. And even if senior football isn't played on the Sabbath, well, there'll be thousands of clubs in the junior leagues fixing up matches for the first day of the week.

To prove this, the Football Association has just formed a sub-committee of representatives of the F.A. Management Committee and three members of the F.L. Management Committee to consider the question. If Sunday play materialises, then where are the referees coming from? Perhaps that's where you guys come in?

Do you want to be a ref.? Tom's advice, get your name

If you do, then this is how: Get hold of the rules and regulations of the Football Referees Guide, price 4d., at any sports outfitter, anywhere in the country.

This little book gives all the rules and regulations sanctioned and approved by the F.A., and lays down the laws of the game, which every referee must know like the alphabet.

The jostling, swaying crowd which roars itself hoarse thinks it knows all those rules. But let them think again.

How often do they think they're right and the poor old ref. is wrong? If only they knew the rules inside out and back to front they would cease to roar defiance. They'd find that they were wrong and the man with the whistle was right!

Well, if you'd like to don the navy-blue blazer, learn those rules from beginning to end—and, while you're swotting, all the time have tucked away at the back of your mind the ambition to ref. in First, Second and Third Divisions, directly under the jurisdiction of the F.A.

Then, if you'd still take Tom's advice, get your name

on the list of referees of any junior football league. Go to the small club down town.

Then you apply to the local county football association for a form. When you've filled in your standard of health, and whether or not you wear glasses, you'll have to send your birth certificate along to substantiate your age. But you don't send your brother's certificate! That's been done before, but it doesn't work...

You will then be told that a referees' committee will sit to examine your chances, and if your health and knowledge of the game are satisfactory you are placed on the referees' list of that association. The fee for registration as a junior referee is 5s. per year, and that entitles him to step from a very junior to a more senior league, which is affiliated to the county association, and, indirectly, to the F.A.

After two years of "refeing" in affiliated football the young man can then make further application to become a senior referee.

He is not only "examined" by a committee. For afterwards—or even before—he will have been watched in matches by a referee scout. If he wins through he can referee in any senior football league.

For a referee, the only achievement higher than the F.A. is to referee in international matches.

The referee must automatically become a member of the local Referees' Association, where all of his kind meet to discuss the laws of the game and anything that may help towards the betterment of the game and referees in general.

Oh, and a tip for the young man. Always get the best possible referee's kit, and keep it as neat and tidy as you can, because a referee is often judged by his appearance, not only on the field, but off.

And why, you ask, must they be tough?

Well, maybe you didn't know, but a referee runs about ten miles at each

match. That's no chicken-feed, for a start. And he has to keep a tight grip on the players, too.

So you must keep pretty fit, and on certain evenings in the week, if referees apply to the manager of any club, they can train on that ground. For it is in the interests of the clubs that referees should be just like the players when they come on to the field—as fit as it is possible to be.

There's another reason, by the way, why referees in wartime are like rosebuds in winter-time.

The F.L. have a ruling that no referee who doesn't get on their list by the time he's 35 automatically comes off the F.L. list of linesmen. No referee ever goes on the referees' list of the F.L. without serving a certain period acting as a linesman, as all linesmen on the Football League are senior referees in junior football, but are compelled to serve a period on the line.

So if he's over 35 and still a referee in junior football, then he can go no further.

But he can go on refereeing junior football as long as he likes.

You'll see by that how it's the young 'uns who're wanted.

If you mixed refereeing with your day-by-day job you'd get some good pocket-money.

In the days before the war—and it may be even now when the battle clouds lift again—a First, Second or Third Division referee got £3 3s. per match, plus third-class travelling expenses and £1 1s. hotel expenses for each night if it were necessary to travel more than 100 miles.

A linesman got £1 10s.—and the same expenses.

And just think, you submariners, how being "boss" for one and a half hours on the football field is a rather pleasant way of making a decent living after the war.

We talk of a credulous vulgar without always recollecting that there is a vulgar incredulity, which in historical matters, as well as in those of religion, finds it easier to doubt than to examine.

Sir Walter Scott.



THEY'RE KNOCKING ON WOOD!

(From Ronald Garth)

sleepers for replacement.

If the F.P.R.L. experts can reduce this total, fewer ships will be needed for timber imports and there will be more room for war supplies.

Young trees are also undergoing treatment—for knots. If trees can be grown with few and smaller knots, several hundred thousand pounds a year can be saved.

The British climate tends to enlarge tree knots, so the scientists are trying to discover the best type of soil in which to grow knot-free timber. They are pruning out the knots from young trees in an attempt to lessen the wastage.

Much wood waste is caused by the death-watch beetle. The wood experts have built a guest-house for these pests! Wood in various stages of rotteness, artificial leaks and synthetic dampness form a death-watch beetles' Paradise.

The scientists want to know why these bullet-headed insects sometimes forsake their foraging grounds. They are discovering the conditions of

wood under which the beetles most rapidly develop.

To speed-up conditions, the beetles have been forced through their life-cycle in the space of a year, from the larval stage to the emergence of the full-grown beetle tapping out its mating call. Tedious work, perhaps, but vital.

Dry-rot, a fungus growth, is another enemy of wood, and to save our imports the scientists have tested the decay-resisting properties of trees all over the world. Almost by accident, they hit on a discovery which has revolutionised building.

Samples of British Columbia red cedar were tested for eight months in flasks containing fungus cultures. The wood emerged not only completely sound, with no loss of weight, but it also actually checked the growth of the fungus.

A red cedar board, nailed down in flooring with heavily infected dry-rot, similarly proved its immunity.

In this Scotland Yard of the trees they are always torturing wood—to good purpose.

In one room, a machine with two "legs" stamps on a piece of timber. From it the scientists will eventually tell how much walking wears away a wooden floor.

In another department, planks and logs are smashed by heavy weights dropped from various heights. It proves how much pressure the timber can stand, and the knowledge may save life when wood is used for constructional purposes of the Royal Engineers.

The wood research experts who study the digestive system of trees have discovered why wood floats. It is because of the infinitesimal cells, which hold sap or store gas between the actual fibre of the wood.

If you are a chair percher—one of those people who like to tilt their chair backwards on its rear legs—the Forest

Products Research Station proves there is hope for you.

With a sack of sand to represent a person sitting on it, an oak chair has been tilting and falling forward on its legs again all day long. After 150,000 drops it showed only a twentieth of an inch loosening.

Such is the sturdiness of British oak!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

I S Newcombes Short odd—But true

The ideal country of primitive things we call Arcadia really existed. It was a district of Peloponnesus, in Southern Greece, whose early inhabitants followed a life of extreme simplicity.

Symbol of happiness in sentimental songs, the bluebird is one of the few songsters of America, familiar in the woods from April to November. It takes its name from its deep blue plumage.

Gambling differs from betting in that it depends upon the result of a trial of skill or a turn of chance in which the gambler participates. It has long been illegal in England, and the last gambling houses were closed more than a hundred years ago. At Monte Carlo, of course, gaming is legal. A gambling debt cannot be recovered at law; it is a "debt of honour."

AT the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Princes Risborough scientists are trying to save wood. In normal times, 95 per cent. of Britain's timber has to be imported, and the tree wizards are covering the gap.

In their hands wood is something to be tested, tapped, weighed, pounded, warmed, broken and bent. It is something made up of millions of cells, with a digestive system and a life of its own, constantly subject to ills and ailments, continually liable to be attacked by many enemies.

At eight different places throughout Britain, tree detectives are keeping watch on railway sleepers. Periodically they report on their behaviour.

It may seem absurd, until you know that 4,400 test sleepers have been laid to determine the suitability of various home-grown timbers for use on the train track, and for experiments to reduce the cost of preservative treatment. Every year the railway companies need some 4,000,000

The missing 35,000 lakhs

PART VII

IT was Sunday, that blessed day marked in all well-founded ships by pea-soup, dry hash, and plum duff of that rich, deep colour which speaks so eloquently of burnt sugar. An awning had been spread across the foc'sle head, and half-a-dozen men were loafing away the afternoon in its shade, in direct defiance of that nautical commandment which runs: "Six days shalt thou labour, and the seventh tar the decks and chip the cable." Old Dick was stitching away, as usual, the Professor languidly washed clothes, and Hairy Butler took his ease in a canvas hammock, with an earthenware chatte of cool water hanging beside him.

"Well, Mither Hogsbottle, this is the weather we signed for," observed the Irishman, knocking out his pipe on the edge of the skylight. "We deserve a bit of flying-fish weather after breaking our backs in Whalebelly's coal-mine. Will ye look at the Queer Fella standing there in the eyes of her, staring round him like a Maltee in a ladies' outfitters?"

The grocer had been standing for the past hour as far forward as he could get, revealing in the warm feel of the planks to his bare feet, the breeze which softly ruffled his hair, and the ineffable joy of having nothing to do. Leaning over the stem, he watched the great yellow patches of Gulf weed floating by, and the shoals of flying-fish leaping from her very forefoot and skittering far off to safety. Portuguese men-o'-war were dotted about the surface, and so clear was the water that Pybus could see the many-coloured jelly-fishes floating passively fathoms below. When the "Antipas" passed close in to a small bay with the usual palms fringing the white beach the grocer became so excited that he climbed upon the rail to get a better view—a manoeuvre which quickly caused cramp to seize upon his tender feet.

"Like a backcloth at a pantomime, isn't it, Queer Fella?" asked the Professor, who had been watching his antics with amusement.

"Yes, it's real pretty," said Pybus naively. "What's it called?"

"D'ye think we know the name of every potato patch in the Gulf of Caribbee?" snorted Hairy Butler. "What

The Sea-green Grocer

By Jaspar Power

d'ye want to go standing in the sun for, anyway? Ye're as red as a farmer's ear on a frosty morning."

"I like the sun, it's proper nice to-day," was the grocer's reply. "I shouldn't mind going to sea if it was always like this."

"You can take it from me that it never is like this," growled the Irishman. "The man that'd go to sea for pleasure would go to hell for a pasture."

"Amen," said Calvert in a cold voice, removing the knife from his belt as he went to relieve the wheel. It was the first time Pybus had heard him speak.

"It's my belief that that old Trappist could spin a quare yarn, had he the mind," said Hairy Butler, as he watched him go. "He's the cut of an officer in one of them crack passenger steamers in the Eastern trade, and the serang tells me he understands their heathen gibberish. They're all scared of Calvert Sahib in there," added the Irishman, jerking his thumb towards the firemen's quarters, "and small blame to them, for he's like a cross between an iceberg and a magistrate's clerk."

"He pays a coolie to dhooby for him and iron his go-ashore suit as if he was a lord," added Old Dick in a shocked voice.

"Now don't be malavouging ye're betters, ye wicked old mhan," said Hairy Butler, shaking a reproving forefinger. "Ye're that mean yerself that ye'd steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes."

"How much does it cost Calvert, Hairy?" asked Pybus hastily, anxious to avert the usual wrangle.

"How the devil would I know?" snapped the Irishman crossly. "But no man going to sea was ever that infested wid kopecks that he could afford flunkies and khit-matghars, I know that."

"What about the mate of the 'Orchomenus'?" suggested the Professor.

"That fella had the luck of a cow-doctor's clerk," agreed Butler. "Wasn't it fifty thousand lakhs he stepped off wid?"

"Thirty-five thousand, I believe it was. They said the masters of the Chinese gambling houses changed them into silver for him, and they'd want a pretty stiff commission."

"What happened?" interrupted Pybus, who felt out of the conversation.

"The 'Orchomenus' took thirty-five thousand lakhs of rupees out to Calcutta a few years ago," explained the Professor, "notes of small denominations which had been printed in England. When she tied up alongside the jetty the strong-room was opened, and the tragedy of

Mother Hubbard re-enacted beneath an alien sky—the chests were still there, but the boodle was gone. So was the mate of the 'Orchomenus' when they went to tell him about it, and he hasn't been seen since. His name was Whichens, and uncharitable people have sometimes connected him with the missing cash."

"'Twas said that he drowned himself in the Yarra in Melbourne the year after," said Butler, "but I've heard tell he was seen at a race-meeting outside Pernambuco. A butty of my own swore he sighted him driving up to the C.P.R. depot in Vancouver in a jitney wid a deck cargo of brand-new travelling bags on top. I never set eyes on Mither Whichens meself, nor ever want to, for isn't me colleague the Professor always telling me to be careful of the company I keep! Honesty is the best policy, as me Aunt Brigid Geraghty used

dinner in a grand house in London, maybe, handed to him by flunkies in gold coats, wid legs on them like Dutch barmaids. Thry and remember if ye're a jook, Queer Fella."

"It's more probable that he'd be sitting in the best parlour in his shirt sleeves," said the Professor drily, "digesting roast pork and reading the 'News of the World.'"

"That's right, Professor, I remember now," said the grocer eagerly. "And the parlour smelt of roast pork all day, so's you couldn't bring in no visitors; at least, none of the top lot, like Miss Winterbotham. I used to take my shoes off and look out the windows at the Sunday School children coming out of the Institute. Bay windows we had, and—"

"Ye've cured him, Professor," shouted Hairy Butler, rolling out of the hammock with excitement. "What's yer name, Queer Fella? Tell us yer name."

Pybus stopped abruptly, and sat in a tense, listening attitude, as though trying by sheer will-power to recall the sudden flash. The others stared at him in silence. Slowly he relaxed and shook his head helplessly.

"I remembered everything till Hairy Butler spoke," he said plaintively. "But it went out of my head then."

"What else can you expect from an ignorant Mick?" snarled Old Dick peevishly. For once Hairy Butler allowed the old Welshman the last word.

"I'm afraid it doesn't look very nice," said Reginald Pybus apologetically, putting down the tin containing the evening meal. As the most junior man forward, he had been elected unanimously to the position of Sailor's Peggy, an honorary appointment which required him to scrub out the foc'sle and carry food and kettles from the galley. These duties called for a considerable amount of tact, as the grocer had already found to his cost, for cook and crew were naturally at loggerheads. Pybus spent his days running aft with brusque demands, and back again with coarse, brief, definite refusals.

The others gathered round the tin and eyed its contents in ominous silence. Greasy blobs of fat floated on the surface of a gallon or so of tepid water, at the bottom of which a few small hard potatoes and carrots were visible, very visible indeed. Certain bleached and obscenely naked bones completed the ascertainable ingredients, obviously dredged from the depths of the galley stockpot.

"It's not my fault; I told him there'd be a row," said Pybus nervously, "and he only 'Slops... Bilge... Hogwash,' snarled Hairy Butler,

USELESS EUSTACE



"But if you don't wrap it up, how the deuce can I save paper to help the war effort?"

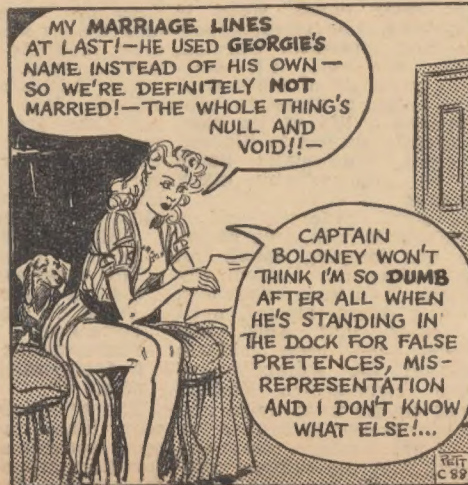
to say, between the skulls of a small sally rod. If it so chanced that I was in want of a bit of extra dinero, I wouldn't go for to steal it, anyway."

"How would you get it, Hairy?" asked the grocer. "I'd strip a couple of fathoms of gold off the roof of that big pagoda in Rangoon," answered the Irishman, without hesitation.

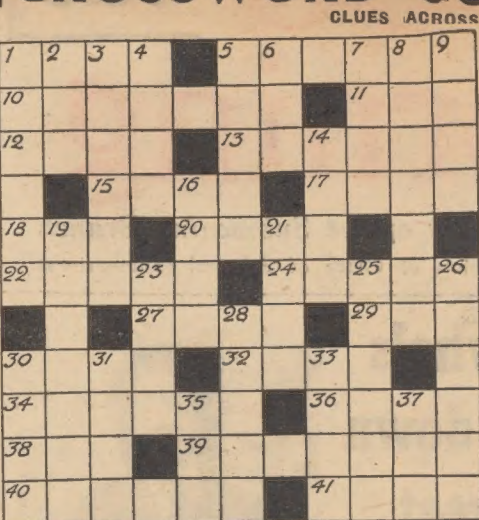
"There's an easy way to make your fortune, Queer Fella," said the Professor, smiling. "You ought to try it some time."

"Sure he might have all the gold he wants already," said the optimistic Hairy Butler. "He might have been a jook or something grand like that before he was banjaxed by the foxy boy on the dock road. Instead of sitting here on the skylight he should be eating his Sunday

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Coin. 2 Former. 3 Hat. 4 Support. 5 Immerse. 6 Bitter shrub. 7 Valueless. 8 Rejoiced. 9 Size of paper. 14 Accomplished. 16 Voice. 19 Indoor game. 21 Surface extent. 23 Stuff. 25 Small trunk. 26 Sweethearts. 28 Hard. 30 Actors. 31 Little child. 33 Stork-like bird. 35 Boring-piece. 37 The present.

CLUES DOWN.
10 Table-land. 11 Adze. 12 Girl's name. 13 Boredom. 15 Native nurse. 17 Sole. 18 Doctrine. 20 Incline. 22 Decree. 24 Make merry. 27 Flower. 29 Bother. 30 Stupor. 32 Thin appendage. 34 With hands on hips. 36 Flexible shoot. 38 Place. 39 Tooth. 40 Contract. 41 Bastes.

JOG DRIFTS
APACE SLUNG
YELLED OBOE
ROARING BY
RAPT VEST IS
E STRAW LEW
AS EON BEAR
CHART C MISS
TOP AMULET
SASH ABIDES
LEARNED RE

his voice rising with every word. "The misbegotten, narra - gutted, pig's orphan should be choked wid a salt-petre marlinespike."

"It reminds me of a drought in New South Wales," said Calvert unexpectedly, "when the sheep are dying in the water-holes."

"It would look quite attractive with a couple of goldfish swimming in it," the Professor pointed out. "You are too harsh with Mr. 'Itchens, Hairy. Be just, be charitable. Lobsouse is as much the victim of heredity and environment as you are yourself."

"I always knew there was something quare about that man," agreed the Irishman. "Tis contrary to nature for his eyes to be sticking out like organ stops."

"Without wandering too far into the domains of Mendelism," continued Mr. Hogsbottle, "Lobsouse is an awful warning of the danger of mixed marriage. His mother belonged to some minor sect which had happened by great good fortune upon the one true, genuine and infallible passport to eternal bliss. Since all the other members of this sect were automatically on the pig's back, as Hairy Butler would put it, it occurred to Martha Spittlehouse to seek for converts in Hyde Park."

"I understand ye, Professor," nodded Hairy Butler darkly.

"You don't," contradicted Mr. Hogsbottle impatiently. "In Hyde Park she became acquainted with a fellow orator named Albert Hitchens, which, however, the best people pronounce 'Itchens. This Mr. 'Itchens was not saved; on the contrary, he was a militant Socialist, with adenoids and a leaning towards atheism. Each buoyed up by the hope of proselytising the other, they entered the matrimonial state; but it turned out another instance of the irresistible force and the immovable object. In due course they begat the lovable little

sea-lawyer who compounded this solution of luke-warm garbage, and wrangled their way to the tomb."

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A fers is an iron poker, Russian porter, ancient chess piece, medieval weapon, male fairy?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Cube, Sphere, Pyramid, Cone, Prism, Tetrahedron?
3. What is caviare?
4. Who reigned first, Charles I or James I?
5. What famous artist is renowned for his eyebrows?
6. What is the top colour on a traffic signal?
7. What name is given to a female fox?
8. Who was Fred Astaire's original dance partner?
9. Which regiments are permitted to march through the City of London with fixed bayonets and colours flying?
10. What is the full name of the Ministry known as M.E.W.?
11. How many balls are used in croquet?
12. Who invented the first machine gun?

Answers to Quiz in No. 319

1. Measuring instrument.
2. Cube is a solid; others are flat.
3. (a) Jonathan, (b) Goliath.
4. Lot's.
5. Ray Noble.
6. Two feet square.
7. Scafell.
8. Monty Woolley.
9. The Norfolk Regiment.
10. Canada.
11. 26 inches and 28 inches.
12. Grocer.

"Ye can call it influenza if ye like," said Mrs. Machin. "There was no influenza in my young days. We called a cold a cold."

Arnold Bennett.

Our friendship was so assured that we could be silent without the slightest danger of offence.
Sir Arthur Helps
(1813-1875).

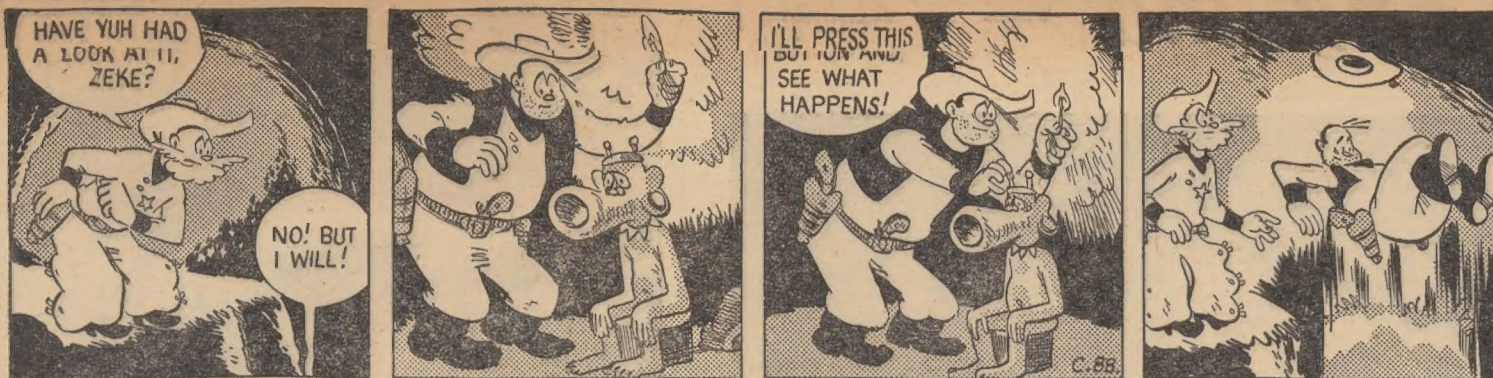
WANGLING WORDS—273

1. Put a famous fighting force in PAFIN and get some oil.
2. Rearrange the letters of THE BON EVE to make a composer.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: JACK into POTS, HEAT into COOL, COMB into HIVE, COME into AWAY.
4. What part of a pinion is hidden in this sentence: Do unto others as you would be done by? (The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)

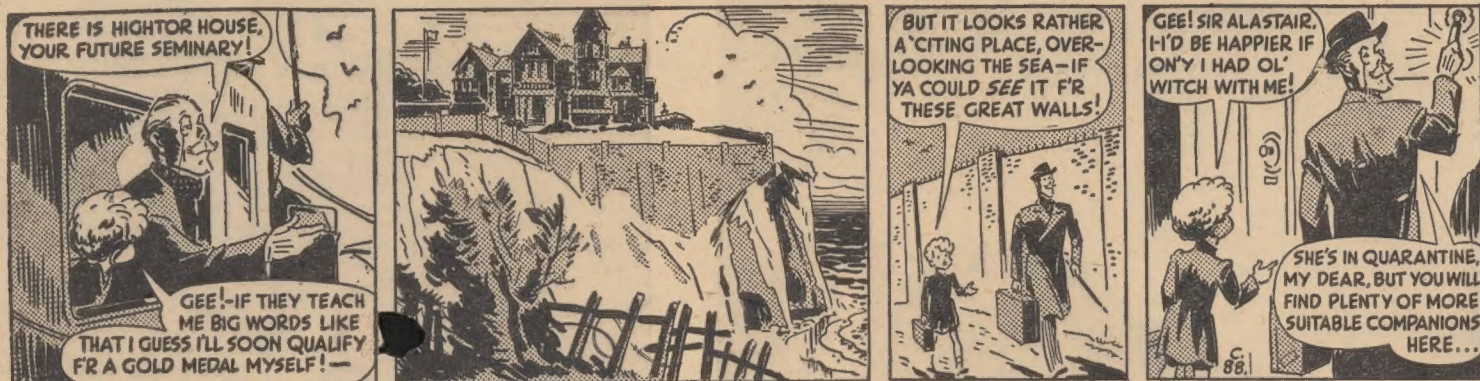
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 272

1. PromeNADE.
2. COLDSTREAMERS.
3. CHAT, COAT, BOAT, BOLT, COLT, COST, CAST, MAST, MALT, MILT, MILK, BILK, BALK, TALK, CARD, BARD, BARK, BACK, JACK, EVES, EVER, AVER, APER, APED, SPED, SEED, FEED, FEET, FELT, FELL, FALL, SIRE, SORE, SOME, DOME, DAME, DAMS.
4. P-in-a-fore.

BEELZEBUB JONES



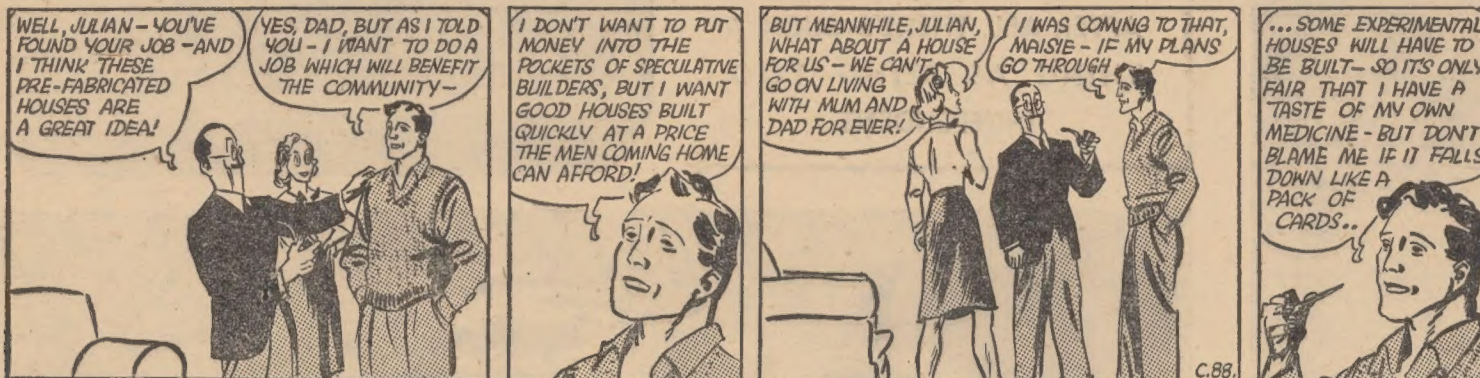
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



JUDGING by the "London Gazette," which gives details of eighty-three people in England and Wales who intend to change their names this month, more people than ever think there is a great deal in a name.

Fifty women, twenty-nine men and four children will soon be visiting their local National Registration and Food Offices to have their identity cards and ration books altered.

People called Pitcher, Jones, Lindsay, Booth, Hipwell, Rogers, Cohen, are soon to be known as Wilson, Dalziel-Buchanan, Cecil, Stapley, Wiseman, Brown, Conn.

The reason why these deed-poll name changes are becoming so prevalent is that it is an offence under the Defence Regulations to be known by a name other than that by which you were known before the war, unless you change your name by deed-poll and insert an advertisement in the "London Gazette."

Three weeks after the advertisement has appeared you may legally assume your new name.

Before the war you could legally assume any name you wished without any formalities.



REMEMBER Nurse Hazel Wilson? She was just a probationer at the time of the Dunkirk episode, and she helped get a lot of guys fit again. She's been doing that ever since, in one way or another. She is partly responsible for this writer having a right hand to write with, so I'm grateful to Hazel. For the same reason I am grieved that misfortune has come her way, in the form of tuberculosis.

This nurse is due for quite a spell in a hospital bed. Cheering letters will give her back what she has given to thousands. Her address is Ward "B," Royal National Hospital, Ventnor, I.O.W.

Her interests centre around nursing, films, books, and theatre.



THERE were two boys who thought they would "have a lark," which was to throw pepper into the eyes of a bus conductress as her bus was moving off.

In Birmingham Juvenile Court they explained that they had often thrown pepper at each other without hurting themselves.

But the bus conductress was blinded for five hours and her sight has been injured so badly that she may have to wear glasses.

These two hooligans are aged 13 and 14. They were warned that if they had been a little older they might have been birched.

The sentence was one month in a remand home.



IN their proposals for the post-war reconstruction of Manchester, the Corporation Town Hall Committee have suggested the erection of a civic cinema, theatre and exhibition hall. The City Architect has been asked to furnish plans.

Another part of the suggested schemes is that the Free Trade Hall shall be rebuilt on the present site and used as a permanent home for the Hallé Orchestra, as well as for various other kinds of gatherings.

Such vigorously progressive ideas regarding housing might make interesting small-talk for residents temporarily on hire to the Crown.



DR. F. J. H. CRAWFORD, Deputy M.O.H. for Cornwall, speaking at Camborne, in the heart of the Duchy, condemned the Cornish pasty as being harmful to the teeth. He said he had been astounded by the number of boys and girls in their teens with dentures.

The doc. is a brave man.

Ron Richards

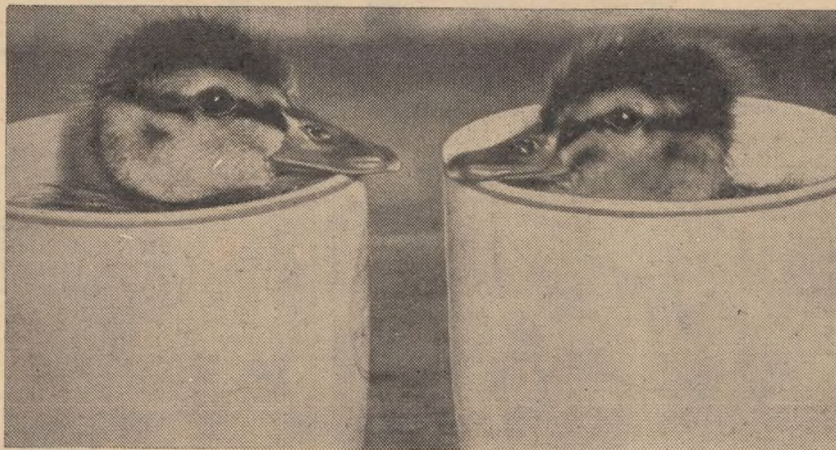


"SOMETIMES I JUST SUCKS MY LEFT THUMB,
AND SOMETIMES I SUCKS MY RIGHT"

★
AFTER ALL, THERE'S SUCH A
THING AS BEING TOO
INDEPENDENT
★



"ENOUGH'S AS GOOD AS A FEED, SURELY"



"Well, if other people can gossip over a cup of tea, surely
we can have a chat *inside* a tea-cup."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

